

# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OF

## Politics and General Literature.

VOL. II.]

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1822.

[No. 68.

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

There have been no Arrivals from Sea since our last. We continue our English News therefore in the order of dates as nearly as they can be followed. Of the contents of our present Number some portions are from the English Selections of the Bombay, others of the Madras Papers, and others from those of our own Files. If it appears that the subjects are not sufficiently varied, we can only observe that we take them as they occur in the Journals at home, and shall progressively throw in all the relief of variety that our materials will enable us to offer.

*Citizens and Soldiers.*—The unremitting sophistry of the Ministerial writers, in their endeavour to confound all distinction between the rights of citizens and soldiers, deserves to excite public attention, since nothing more seems wanting to the quiet establishment of military despotism, than to acknowledge the doctrine, that the soldier does not change his character even when embodied, mounted, armed in phalanx, and employed on actual duty. Nothing can be more clear than that the individual soldier possesses all the rights of the individual citizen, and that he is equally entitled to protect himself against personal attack; but the exercise of that right ceases when he is arrayed and commanded. He has then no will of his own. The duty of obedience is imposed on him, and if one of a body employed to quell a riot, or to disperse a multitude, he is justified only in executing the orders which he receives. No provocation, nor insult, nor danger, can authorise him to act from his own mere motion—nay, so jealous is the law of the consequences of the power that would otherwise belong to the military when in battle array, that even his own officer cannot command him to exert his murderous strength until a civil magistrate has sanctioned such officer by the formality required by law. Such is the clear distinction between the rights of embodied troops and of assembled citizens; and every Englishman, sensible of the security which the Constitution has granted to him by this salutary provision, must regard with abhorrence the insidious attempts which are daily making to undermine, in public opinion, this great principle of difference in the two orders of the community. If the people can become so negligent of the value of liberty as to countenance this doctrine, the blessing of domestic security has been wrested by our forefathers from prerogative in vain, and with all our light and knowledge, we are ripe for the degradation of slavery.

It cannot have passed the observation of our readers, that the authors of this new doctrine are also the daily slanderers of the people. The great overwhelming majority of our population they stigmatise with the opprobrious nickname of rabble. All the industrious, skilful, and labouring classes of the community—the artisans and mechanics of the metropolis—the manufacturers of the country—the real, working, intelligent artificers of all our engines, instruments and powers which constitute the strength and opulence of the country, are branded with one general disgusting mark of rabble. And thus the whole multitude of the productive classes of the people are pointed out to the derision of the military. "Such," says the Ministerial Journals, "are the despicable mob that attack the Life Guards!"—From what class, then, do the Life Guards proceed? The wisdom of these Journalists is not apparent in this division—for it is not true that our army is not recruited from the upper classes of life. Do they think that they can, by this miscreant abuse, stifle in the breasts of the soldiery all remembrance of the relation which they

bear to the order from which they sprang? But we will not imitate the mischievous example of these writers by pursuing this subject through the train of argument to which it would lead.

No men lament the dreadful conflict of Tuesday the 14th of August, so bitterly as the genuine friends of constitutional liberty. They foresee in the events of that day, the most melancholy consequences, if a spirit of moderation shall not influence the irritated feelings of both parties. The result of that day's proceedings is clearly to be attributed to surprize. There was evidently no preparation on either side. The whole confusion arose out of the circumstances of the moment.—There was evidently no pre-concert nor provision made for resistance by the people—for if there had, with the scientific and mechanic knowledge which the Artizans possess, what deadly means might they not have prepared; instead of which all the obstacles which they opposed to the military, they snatched up as they found them, and their triumph was the effect of their tactics at the moment. On the other hand it is equally clear, that if there had been common prudence exercised by Government, they might have prepared the means of executing their plan of proceeding with the certainty of success. The danger therefore to be apprehended is, that on the one side there should be an obstinate perseverance in the system of governing without an endeavour to conciliate public opinion; and on the other, that the memory of their success should excite the people again to tumultuous resistance of authority for which all their ingenuity and resources as mechanics and chymists would be exerted, on the fabrication of deadly weapons of offence, and means of conflagration. The heart shudders at the anticipation of the horrors that may flow from the occurrence of that fatal day—if a seasonable recollection of the relative duties of Government and people do not bring us back to that course of administration which is alone suited to a loyal and intelligent Kingdom, where the law only is predominant, and where the arm of the Magistrate is strong because it derives its energy from the public will.

*Royal Christening.*—The public will be a little surprised and amused at the following relation—the baptism of a full-grown Princess, which took place at Islington Church, a few days ago. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Thursday last, the carriage apparently of a person of rank was observed standing at the door of the curate, which was soon afterwards driven to the gate of the church-yard. The curiosity of the neighbouring inhabitants was much excited on seeing a portly well-dressed dame, apparently about 50, handed from the coach by a dashing young fellow of not more than half her age, and to whom it was concluded she was now about to bestow her fair hand at the altar. The parson, the lady, and her friend, were for some time in the church, the party not having thought it necessary even to send for the parish clerk to record the proceeding. The curiosity excited by this mysterious proceeding remained ungratified till the secret became known to those whose prying inquisitiveness led them, the day after, to peep into the parish register, where the matter stands clearly developed in the following terms:—

"1821, Sept. 6.—Baptized Olive, daughter of Frederick Henry, Duke of Cumberland, and Olive, his first wife born 1772."

*Royal Squadron.*—It is said that the Storm which assailed the Royal Squadron in its endeavour to beat round the Lands-end was such as to make the stoutest Sailor tremble for the consequences. The King bore it with great fortitude.

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*Funerals of Honey and Francis.*—The funerals of HONEY and FRANCIS took place on Sunday last, as announced; and we are glad they did; for a due sense of other's injustice is hardly compatible with a tame acquiescence in a dread of further lawless violence on the part of the unjust. That violence however was committed. When the procession went to Hammersmith, the barrack gates were closed, and the hisses of a few of the people were speedily silenced by the call of the majority for order. A brickbat was nevertheless thrown from the barrack, which struck a child; yet we do not hear any search was made for the offender, or any punishment inflicted on him. Here then was a wanton act of provocation to begin the day with. The people returned in the afternoon, their feelings naturally very much excited by the burial of two innocent persons, who owed their deaths to the wanton malice of the employers of the military. And how did the soldiers conduct themselves on this second passage of the people? Precisely as if mortified at the avoidance of riot and bloodshed in the morning. At first they stood about in front of the gates, putting themselves ostentatiously in the way of provocation; and it was not till Mr. WAITHMAN, exerting his authority as High Sheriff, commanded them to retire, that they retreated within the walls. Still they must display their temper, their eagerness for more bloodshed; and as a *dernier resort*, they go up to their quarters, and exhibit themselves to the people, grinning and clenching their fists. What were the designs of the commanding officers, in allowing this provocation at such a critical moment, will be easily imagined from their whole conduct lately, and the bullying message of one of them to the Sheriff. Stones were thrown on both sides,—by which party first it is difficult to pronounce, and of little consequence to inquire. A scene ensued, the details of which we need not repeat, ending in an attempt to murder Mr. Sheriff WAITHMAN, which, if it passes without redress, will amount to a tacit confession of that determination to a final reliance on the Sword, which Ministers have hitherto been at so much pains to palter with. Mr. WAITHMAN has since demanded inquiry and redress at the hands of Lord BATHURST; and his Lordship's answer exhibits rather a choice specimen of the meanness and imbecility which characterize the present Ministry,

A great deal of warm disputation has taken place between the liberal papers and the Treasury journals, concerning this affray and its origin. The latter of course maintain, that the "bad passions" of the multitude were the sole cause, and that the "brave fellows" (Life Guards) only acted in self-defence. The whole question appears to us to lie, as the phrase goes, in a nut-shell; and there is one single circumstance that is decisive against the military officers. In the morning, the soldiers were kept close within the barracks during the passing of the procession; and quiet was the consequence. The propriety of this was fully *felt* at that time; and *why was not the same conduct observed in the afternoon?* No caution so obvious, so simple, so rational;—and successfully practised too immediately before! The Guards no doubt had "a right" to stand before their barrack, and to grin and clench their fists at their windows—in the same sense that the Capulets in *Romeo and Juliet* had a right to "bite their thumbs" at the Montagues. The COURIER, we believe, has lately quoted the passage with his usual unlucky reference to SHAKESPEARE:—

*Montague.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

*Capulet.* I do bite my thumb, Sir.

*Mont.* Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

*Cap.* No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir,

It was quite clear, that the people and the Life Guards could not meet at that particular time without mutual excitement. Who then were bound to give way—the fifty or sixty thousand citizens who were returning from the performance of an amiable act of feeling,—or the 200 men under military discipline, who are paid out of the public purse to prevent, we are told, and certainly not to provoke breaches of the peace, who might have been kept back without any hardship, and who had so recently shed the blood of the two innocent persons under circumstances

which had caused a Coroner's verdict of "Wilful Murder" against one of their own body? The case, we think cannot be more fairly stated.—*Examiner Sept. 2.*

*Dublin Papers.*—Some of the Dublin papers have taken in great dudgeon the sneers of the English independent Journals at the worse than Oriental grovelling before sacred Majesty. They lanch into a wide sea of declamation about loyalty, national warmth, &c, (too true, but certainly not new,) and grow quite pathetic in their appeals to our "kind consideration." They talk like a whining child who has been reproved for some *excess*:—"The poor Irish are always in fault—at one time abused as rebels—at another reproached with too much loyalty." Poor people, how unlucky! But are their present and former assaulters the same? Not exactly. The tools of the very Ministry now in so much favour in the Green Isle, were used no doubt to deal out their abuse of the wretched population, driven to revolt in various districts by shocking mis-government. We do not remember, however, that the English opponents of the dreadful system ever joined in that corrupt and heartless exasperation. No;—the Reformers of England were happy to make common cause with their still worse treated fellow-subjects. The Reformers of England *did* then deeply sympathise with Irish suffering—so deeply, that they constantly put forward the wrongs of Ireland among the foremost of their grievances. Is it not then a little remarkable, that they should now be asked with a querulous air, why they do not still sympathise with the Irish, when the latter are making an idol of a very common-place Monarch, and playing the fool with it after the Persian or Chinese fashion? This consistency in sympathy so strangely demanded by our ecstatic Hibernians, is a little too much like the consistency in politics required by Doctor SOUTHEY, who, after going right round from a Jacobin and a Leveler to a high Tory and a hired adulator of courts, wondered that all his old friends did not instantly see the propriety of turning their coats. The British Reformers are not forward to take exception at a reasonable interchange of kindness and sociality between the people of Ireland and the KING. His MAJESTY, thanks to the spoiled habits of Royalty, is not usually *too happy*, we dare say; and it would be low minded enough to carp at any addition to his social enjoyments. If too, as they say, his equal treatment of Catholics and Protestants tends to help liberality of sentiment, a real ground of satisfaction is afforded, though after all, as the TRAVELLER judiciously observes, "we are not quite certain of the terms upon which conciliation is to be rendered permanent—whether they imply the yielding of the supplicant, or the condescension of the supplicated."

The Reformers, in brief, seeing no one sign of any change in the *system* under which Ireland has so long groaned, do not see why the wrongs and sufferings of ages should be forgotten because a little of the bitterness between certain party leaders may possibly be abated by a temporary contact for an harmonious purpose. They cannot feel, why the rights, the liberties, the injuries and miseries of millions, should be put out of sight by the mere courtesies of a levee or a civic dinner, any more than they can understand how the deepest feelings of human nature can be of less account than the transient, unmeaning gentilities of a Court.

But allowing a great deal for novelty and sanguine anticipation in regard to the Mogarch himself, there is another person whose reception baffles the most willing palliation. "Dropping,"—says the TRAVELLER, in the same spirit,—"dropping the point of moderation in regard to loyal devotion, and admitting, according to precedent, that reigning merit is perfection, why are Irishmen "to turn their backs upon themselves," and "stand prostrate" before the Marquis of LONDONDERREY? Are they convinced of their mistake in regard to the merits of that Nobleman? If so, they fall short of justice; for they ought explicitly to say so. If not, what are we to think of the pranks they are now playing—with their healths and their eulogies?—That it exhibits a pitiable want of the temperate consideration and principled consistency which can only supply weight to national sentiment. The *evil-dreaded* Lord CASTLEREAGH, Lord SIDMOUTH, Sir WILLIAM CURTIS, the idols of Irishmen! This is a wandering after strange gods, with a witness—Baal, Somonocodom, and the Golden Calf!"

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*Entrance of the King into Dublin.*—The Letter from our Dublin Correspondent, giving an account of the public entrance of the King into Dublin seems to have been written under the influence of a tolerable share of the general intoxication of mind into which the natives of the Sister Island have been thrown by the presence of his MAJESTY. We confess, with every allowance for the volatility for which they have always been distinguished, we are not exactly able to see how the gloom which he describes the news of the events of Tuesday last to have "thrown over the minds of the thinking and humane" of the Irish people, to whom (*as the times are still fresh in the pained recollections of thousands; when the frightful havoc of military violence spread horror and dismay around the country*) "it is natural to feel the utmost sympathy for those who have fallen by those arms which can never be used without shame and dishonour, except against a foreign foe," can be reconciled with the almost frantic joy which he says he witnessed on the succeeding day. If nearly the whole population on Friday gave way to all this joy, the humane over whose minds a gloom was thrown on Thursday, must either have been very few in number, or their sorrow must have been of a very peculiar kind.

The people of England have always been distinguished for their coolness and phlegm, and their loyalty is of a less effervescent nature. Their love of their Sovereign does not partake so much of the nature of idolatry, but is founded on a consideration of the advantages which they derive from the possession of a Constitutional Sovereign. They are, as the Irish truly observe, a calculating people. They are therefore at a loss to understand in what manner the visit of his MAJESTY is to be attended with such extraordinary advantages to Ireland, as the oppressed people of that country promise to themselves from it, or how the mere announcement of that visit should have annihilated civil dissensions of two centuries of continued endurance.

It is well observed by one of our contemporaries, that "if we had no other evidence of the real state of things, than that which is furnished by rejoicings in Dublin, we should conclude that Ireland was the best governed and most prosperous country on which the sun ever shone; we could not suppose that there existed a degrading penal code rendering the Catholic population outcasts and aliens in their country; we should be unable to guess that a grinding system of taxation was swallowing up the wages of labour, and the profits of capital; and it would be difficult to believe that the state of the Representation was such as to deprive the mass of both Catholics and Protestants of their political existence." We shall not, however, pursue this subject. If this visit shall be productive of lasting benefit to Ireland—if the finest part of the British dominions shall cease to be the most miserable country in Europe, our satisfaction will be most sincere.

—*Morning Chronicle, Aug. 21.*

*Dublin Meeting.*—At the Meeting at the Royal Exchange, Dublin, on Tuesday last, for the purpose of raising a subscription for a testimonial to commemorate the visit of his MAJESTY, Mr. O'CONNELL proposed the erection of a royal residence, such as would be worthy of the Monarch and of the Irish Nation. "He felt pride in saying, *our most gracious Sovereign was the most accomplished Gentleman in the world*, and his urbanity and deportment since he came to this country, had gained him the admiration, love and respect of every individual in the country." In the course of a few minutes several thousand pounds were subscribed. The possession of a Palace, obtained in so flattering a manner, may induce his MAJESTY to pay frequent visits to the capital of the sister kingdom. Indeed his MAJESTY has already announced it as his intention to visit Dublin once at least every three years.

His MAJESTY has, we should suppose, too much penetration to interpret literally the language addressed to him since his arrival in Ireland. He has too much experience of the springs and motives of human action, to believe, for a moment, that his presence has now and for ever put an end to the feuds and animosities which for centuries have distracted Ireland, while their causes remain. It is only in the loyalty which all classes bear towards his MAJESTY that they are united; and whatever the

enthusiasm of the moment may draw from the leaders and orators of the different parties, the departure of his MAJESTY must soon be followed by the former dissensions.

"It was my earnest wish," said his MAJESTY, in his answer to the Roman Catholic Address, "in visiting this part of my United Kingdom, that an equal degree of satisfaction might be diffused among all descriptions of my faithful subjects in Ireland, that *wish is happily and fully accomplished*, and I am persuaded no endeavour will be wanting, on your part, to cherish and preserve that spirit of loyal union which now pervades and animates the whole community." His visit has, indeed, diffused an equal degree of satisfaction among all descriptions, and in loyalty they are truly united; but so long as one class of the community holds the rest in a state of degrading thralldom, the satisfaction of his MAJESTY will be limited to the mere enjoyment of the personal regard of all parties for himself. That regard may be proof against the continuance of the most degrading system of legislation under which a population ever suffered; and twenty years hence, if the misrule should exist so long in all its present vigour, his MAJESTY might still receive as warm a reception as he now does. But without a change of system, without the extinction of the present Orange faction, and the restoration of the Catholics to the privileges of the British Constitution, the peace and prosperity of the country, all that can give satisfaction to a truly benevolent disposition—all that a Constitutional Monarch can look on without grief and anguish of mind—will not be to be found in Ireland.

The expression which his MAJESTY is understood to have made use of to Prince ESTERHAZY soon after his landing on the Irish shore, that he never felt himself truly a Sovereign till now, may have been dictated by a feeling of consciousness, that through the power of the Crown he could effect the removal of the chains of the Irish people, and that he was determined in his own mind to attempt it. It could only be in the contemplation that he might be able, by a removal of the cause of the evil, to allow so fine a Country to avail itself of its advantages, and to convert the most miserable peasantry, without exception, of all Europe, into happy and industrious cultivators, that his MAJESTY could derive his chief satisfaction at that moment. The view of the wretched Cabins of Ireland, and their miserable and starving occupants, must be inexpressibly painful to a Monarch, except for the consideration of the cheering circumstances to which we have alluded.—*Morning Chronicle, Aug. 25.*

*Guildhall.*—Poor CANAC GODFREY, the chain of whose history, our readers will recollect, would, according to his own description, have reached from Olympus to Tartarus, and a piece over to make a lash for Pluto's rebellious Ghosts, made his last appearance, and took his leave of this audience yesterday (Aug. 15). His dress had, through the kindness of Mr. Teague, the Governor of the Compter, received some additions; he had been supplied with a shirt and stockings, but the ornamental (if at this time of the year not necessary) costume, a coat and neckcloth, were still wanting. The question was what was to be done with him? Messrs. Ogilvy, to whom he had referred, had removed, and were not to be found, and the other Gentleman, Mr. O'Hanlan, when applied to, knew nothing of him. With respect to future destiny, the fellow expressed himself wholly indifferent, unless he could obtain some engagement in the profession of which he was so enthusiastically enamoured. "If they would but let me sweep the stage, or be a candle-snuffer," said he, "I should be happy if they would allow me a bare subsistence, and I should prefer it to a situation in any other employment with two or three hundred a year."

The Magistrate's interest however, unfortunately for our hero, lay only with managers of a different description, and all he could do for him was to recommend him to the Overseers of St. Dunstan's parish, to be by them considered as casual poor within their parish, and in that capacity to be passed by them to Ireland. This, however, was not the part Canac was desirous of performing, nor were the Parish Officers altogether willing to admit him on their establishment, as he had merely been apprehended for disorderly conduct in the parish, and had not slept or been relieved therein.

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Some acquaintances had, it seemed, found him out at the Comptor, and upon his assurance that they would call upon him again and afford him some assistance till he could get into a situation, the Magistrate permitted him to go at large,

Poor Camac then expressed his thanks to the Magistrate and Mr. Teague for their humanity, repeated his best theatrical bow, and retired.

*Maritime Survey.*—An extensive maritime survey of the Eastern Coast of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Northward of the Line, is about to be undertaken.

*Irish Papers.*—Our readers can form no proper idea of the adulation, rhodomontade, and bombast, with which the Irish papers are now filled. The flattery and fulsome eulogies which the pensioned academician of Louis XIV. lavished on the object of their venal idolatry, was rational and chaste compared with that with which the Irish writers and orators are bespattering a constitutional Monarch. His MAJESTY's tour is, to all intents and purposes, a pleasure tour. A monarch travelling under a strict incognito, and who should associate with all classes of his subjects—who should dine on the butter-milk and potatoes of the peasant, as well as on the turtle-soup of the peer,—might acquire a knowledge of their real condition; but it would be worse than absurd to expect that such knowledge can possibly be obtained by a Monarch travelling with a magnificent equipage, and surrounded exclusively by the noble and the wealthy. A compromise has been made between the Protestants and the Catholics, and the question of emancipation is not to be mooted during his Majesty's stay in Ireland. So far all is well: But because the one party have agreed to postpone their claim to participate in all the privileges of the constitution for a month or six weeks, and the other party to intermit their processions, and not to boast of their monopoly for the same period, their orators have taken in into their heads to tell us, that their dissensions are *for ever set to rest*, and that his Majesty's approach "has already done one great good—it has extinguished those unfortunate and unnatural feuds which have been long the source of national degradation and misery." The good sense of the King will not certainly permit him to be deceived by such stupid and absurd adulation. Whatever Mr. O'CONNEL and Alderman ARCHER may think, it is not by sending a hundred cooks to Dublin Castle, and by making that city a scene of boisterous dissipation and vain expense, that the least of the grievances under which Ireland has long suffered will ever be removed. Will the festivities in Dublin lessen the odious and oppressive burden of tithes? will they soften the extreme rigour and severity of the revenue laws? will they diffuse the blessing of education? will they raise the wages of labour? or will they generate a taste for the enjoyments, the luxuries, and the comforts of civilized life among the debased and impoverished peasantry of the country? Every man of sense knows, that the royal visit can do none of these things, and that until they shall have been done, Ireland must remain, what she has ever been,—a poor, miserable, and distracted country.—*Scotsman*, Aug. 18.

*Preservation of Eggs for three hundred years.*—In a village, situated near Lake Maggiore, in Italy, it was found necessary, some years since, to take down the old wall of the vestry of the church of that place, which was very ancient. In the middle of this wall were found three eggs, two of which were near each other, and the third at a little distance. They were not placed in any hole, to which a hen, or other animal, could possibly penetrate; but in the midst of the wall, which in this place was two feet thick. It was remarked, that they were laid upon a bed of stones, and surrounded and encased with the hardened mortar. They had probably been laid there by some of the workmen employed in building the wall, and enclosed without being perceived; or it might have been a trick which a workman choose to play on one of his companions, who had put them in this place. Be this as it may, at the time of their discovery curiosity prompted those who were present to break one of the eggs immediately. This was done by a servant, who stood at some distance, to avoid the danger that might have resulted from the infection

of the egg. They were much surprised to find it liquid, with both the yolk and white well formed, and the smell and taste natural to an egg; in a word, it was fresh, and fit for eating, and continued so, after being exposed to the air four days. The two others were opened eight days afterwards, at Milan, ten leagues distant from Lake Maggiore. They appeared not so fresh as the former, and rather salty, like an egg a week old. The shells had likewise lost something of their whiteness. Proofs were adduced that, for a period of 300 years, nothing had been done to the vestry, of which the wall, containing the eggs, made a part, excepting at the top, for the purpose of repairing the roof. It was visited by St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, who held meetings there. In the same place there was a press for holding the decorations and plate belonging to the altar; which piece of furniture was made on the spot, in the year 1569, and which could not have passed through the present small door, and no traces whatever of a larger are to be seen. It therefore appears that these eggs were preserved for about three centuries in this extraordinary situation.

*Singular Occurrence.*—The inhabitants of this city have this week been amused with the exhibition and sale in our streets of a collection of snail shells, which are reported to have fallen, or we should more accurately say, made their sudden appearance in a field of about three acres, belonging to a farmer at Tockington. "An observer of nature" has obligingly directed our attention to the natural history of this snail in *Montague's Testacea Britannica*. Its name is *Felix Virgata*; or, *Zoned Snail Shell*. "It may be considered," he says, "as a local species; but is found in prodigious abundance in some sandy or barren stony situations, most plentifully near the coast, especially near Whit-sand Bay, Cornwall, and in the south of Devonshire, where it is believed they contribute not a little to fatten the sheep, the ground being covered with them." This snail occurs also abundantly in the neighbourhood of Bristol and county of Somerset. We witnessed ourselves in a field belonging to Captain Parish, at Timsbury, a few years since, an innumerable accumulation of them. On approaching heat they are observed to leave their hiding place near the roots of grass, crawling upon the leaves and plants near it, and thus becoming visible to the superficial observer. From this remark of Montague, and the well-known fact that snails furnish much nourishing matter, it would be perhaps best for the farmer belonging to the field at Tockington to turn into it a flock of sheep, which would soon crush the snails in eating them with the grass, and would doubtless improve thereby. In this phenomenon the philosophic mind will easily trace the provision of nature to render these snails (fattened near the roots of the succulent grass) a pasture, when parched by the rays of the sun, of a most nourishing nature to herbaceous animals. Common rumour says, "that the snails fell like a great shower, which continued upwards of an hour, and that the earth's surface was covered nearly six acres, three inches deep!"—*Bristol Paper*.

*Showers of Snails.*—When we first heard the report of a shower of snails having fallen on Thursday week, near Tockington, in this County, we must confess we suspected the tale to be intended as the test of our credulity; but the fact has been subsequently authenticated by so many respectable persons, and having seen from different sources so considerable a number of those little curled light coloured sea shells, with a streak of brown, and containing a living fish inside, we feel confident of the truth of the assertion. They fell like a shower of hail, and covered, nearly an inch deep, a surface of about three acres, and great numbers were distributed to a much greater extent; shortly after this a storm swept so large a quantity into an adjoining ditch, that they were taken up in shovels full, and travellers were furnished with what quantity they chose to take, and they were soon carried into the principal towns of this and the surrounding Counties.—*Gloucester Herald*.

*Another Rain of Insects.*—The JOURNAL DE ROUEN says that several persons have testified that they witnessed, on the 20th instant, at Sotteville-les-Rouen, a rain of white butterflies, which fell in abundance towards the close of the day.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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### Song.

*Written by the unfortunate Queen of Scots on her leaving France.*

Ah ! pleasant Land of France, farewell !  
My country dear,  
Where many a year,  
Of infant youth I lov'd to dwell :  
Farewell for ever, happy days !  
The ship which parts our loves, conveys  
But half of me ; one half behind  
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove  
A token of our endless love,  
And bring the other to thy mind.

### Russia and China.

The following very curious State Paper, we believe, has seldom before appeared in print, at least in the English Language.

In order that the reader may fully enter into the spirit of this singular production, it may be necessary to make a few preliminary observations, in which we will take occasion to trace the early History of the Russian Commerce with China.

When Russia had reduced under its yoke the extensive territory of Siberia, it would have prosecuted its conquests over the various tribes of independent Tartary, which intervene between this new possession and China; but that Cambi, the then Emperor, entertained a similar view of anabduing the same hordes; the consequence was such, as might be expected; these two great powers directing their views to the same object, unavoidably clashed, and after several jealousies and intrigues broke into open hostilities, about the year 1680.

To terminate these animosities, and to restore upon some regular basis the commercial intercourse which these contentions had suspended, the Russians sent an Embassy to China. Golovin who was deputed upon this occasion, was met in Tartary by Ambassadors from Pekin, and a treaty was signed at Nerahinsk in 1689, whereby the Russians lost beside a large territory, the navigation of the river Amoor; but on the other hand they gained what they had much at heart, a permanent trade with the Chinese. It is worthy of remark, that Golovin with a view of awing the Chinese and giving a weight to his negotiation, was attended by a large military escort; the Chinese aware of this manœuvre, effectually counteracted the design and reaped the benefit of the intended finesse; their Ambassadors carried with them a force much superior to that of Golovin, with the addition of a train of Artillery, and by this means succeeded in dictating their own terms.

The Russians, immediately perceiving the advantages flowing from the commerce with China, dispatched another Envoy to Pekin in 1692, who succeeded in extending the liberty of trade to Caravans, which was before confined to individuals; and thus their affairs continued to prosper for about twenty years, until the annual fairs were disturbed by the riots and excesses, of the Russians, who were equally intemperate and turbulent at Pekin, insomuch that the Emperor threatened to expel them from his dominions. It was to accommodate these disputes that Ismailoff, whose journey is written by Bell, was deputed to Pekin, in the year 1719, and he succeeded in the purpose of his mission.

The commerce between Russia and China, which was every year becoming a more important object of national consideration, was once more interrupted, in consequence of some Mongol tribes that bordered upon Siberia, and whose allegiance was claimed by the Chinese, throwing themselves upon the protection of Russia; the Chinese accordingly asserted their rights of sovereignty, which were denied by the Russians; this refusal with further excesses of the Russian traders, led to their expulsion and a suspension of all intercourse.

To remedy this unfortunate situation of their affairs, another Embassy was sent from Petersburg, in the year 1727, under the conduct of one Ragusinski, a Dalmatian, in the service of Russia, who negotiated a new treaty, that defined the Frontiers according to their present limits, and established the commercial intercourse upon altogether a new basis.

In this treaty it was stipulated, that the trade of the two Empires should be confined to a kind of rendezvous upon the Frontiers; for which purpose two contiguous towns were appointed upon the confines of Siberia, situated upon a brook called Kiakta; whence the Treaty and the town occupied by the Russians, is named.

Among other articles of this Treaty of Kiakta, it was proved that robbers of either nation who should be caught offending at these frontier Towns should be tried in the presence of Commissioners from both, and if found guilty, condemned to death.

It was to an infraction of this condition that the following pieces is owing, and that the Russians had to ascribe the interruption of their

valuable trade for eight years; nor was the resentment of the Chinese done away, without an ample satisfaction.

That the despatch does not proceed from the Throne, arises from an assumed idea of superiority, which has led the Emperor of China to refuse any personal correspondence with the Russian Court.

*Translation of the Chinese Dispatch sent 21st January 1789, to Russia.*

FROM THE TRIBUNAL OF DIRECTORS OF THE INLAND PROVINCES, OF THE GREAT TAYCHINSKY (CHINESE) EMPIRE, TO THE RUSSIAN SENATE.

Our Van Palbany residing at Pige, for the frontier affairs, having informed our Tribunal that he had received a dispatch from your Senate by your Lieutenant-Colonel Ivanoff, we presented it to our great and most wise Emperor.—The following is the reply preceding from him.

In this we observe the Russian Senate confirms its former dispatch; deceiving us as before concerning the head thief Ulaldshay and his companions: the fault is acknowledged and palliated; but there appears the same duplicity as formerly.

We therefore command the Directors of the Tribunal of frontier affairs to write again a clear, plain and intelligible dispatch, to the Russian Senate.

Obeying this command with respect; after examination into the case, it is found:—

That should a thief belonging to either nation be discovered on the Frontiers, he is to be examined in their joint presence; and if guilty, punished with death.

This stipulation was agreed to by the Commissioners (Ambangi) chosen from both sides, sealed and mutually exchanged in the 33d year of the Reign of our Heaven enthroned Emperor.

It is kept in the Register of our Tribunal, and among the records of your Senate, and has always been fulfilled except by your Ambangi.

You now say it is contrary to the Laws of the Russian Empire, to put a man to death: this is a deceit, and indeed how can such Laws exist? Since the beginning of time there certainly never was an Empire whose Laws sacrificed the lives of its Citizens, but a man acting against the law, punishes himself and brings death upon his own head.

Capital punishments you now say are unknown in Russia: why did you not recollect this in the 33d year, when we made the Treaty, and you agreed that robbers of either nation should be executed? it seems it did not come into your heads then, for you said nothing about it.

Pursuant to this Law, in the 44th year, two men, Gunpil and Kolushank, of the families of Natosolousk and Banarmay, who stole eleven horses from you, were examined in the presence of both parties, condemned and executed: you should then have represented to us your Law, saved their lives, and only punished them with whipping and exile; but you were silent, and Gunpil and Kolushank were executed in your presence. Our Great Empire acting eternally according to Law and the faith of Treaties, did this not for the preservation of friendship, but from the love of truth, which it greatly esteems and wishes always to follow:—But you not executing the thief Ulaldshay, break the Laws of friendship and the Faith of Treaties.

In your dispatch you say, capital punishments are abolished in Russia, and Delinquents only whipped and sent into perpetual slavery: but this is still more contrary to reason, for we think if such change had taken place, you should have asked if in the concern with us, we agreed to it; and if we did, these men should have been brought and punished on the borders, in our joint presence, but you did not do this with Ulaldshay and his companions, you only tell us they have been whipped and sent into slavery for life;—In this your deceit is manifest.

Further, you say the head thief Ulaldshay is dead in slavery; this may perhaps be true; but there are still left the great thieves Yerpechy, Gassen, Kethin and the thieves Menty and Platnre: what hinders these being brought to the frontiers and punished in our joint presence? You tell us in your present dispatch that they are all dead, and the affair of course ended: but whom do you deceive? You really are very false.

Shall we believe that in consequence of your new Laws, your former Governor did not put any one to death, and only punished with whipping and slavery?—let it be so; yet still this should have been inflicted in our presence; having failed in that particular, do not you acknowledge your former Governor in fault and guilty of misconduct?

Your Senate thus giving perpetual false excuses, and clearing the conduct of your late Governor only troubles both sides; for our Great Empire perceiving that you wish to act according to your own will, by the obstacles you throw in the way and your duplicity, will on no account permit the Trade to be opened.

Although our two Empires border upon one another, yet our Empire may call itself the elder Brother; thus holding in the Rank of

Empires the place of elder Brother, and having at your requisition and in your presence, punished Gampil and Kolishank with Death, while you now refuse us the same satisfaction against your people: were our Great Empire, including all the universe, to submit to this, do not you think posterity to all eternity would laugh at us?

To be short, let Ulaldshay be dead, there remains the other Robbers; they must be brought to the frontiers and punished in our joint presence.

If it be true that they are all dead, then your former Governor must be sent to the Borders as one Guilty of misconduct, and must there be punished in our presence.—The Trade may then re-commence, but if you do not punish the Thieves, nor the Governor, but make useless excuses, you may depend upon it the trade shall never be opened again.

If therefore you esteem truth, the faith of treaties, or the laws of friendship, you will, though with concern, punish your Governor, for his fault and misconduct, but with your perpetual excuses and duplicity, we see this affair will not be ended those hundred years.

Although the Trade shall not be opened yet, our Great Empire will not for such a trifling cause, break the bands of friendship in any other manner than by this prohibition.

And you on receipt of this dispatch ponder well, examine and consider, then act as you find proper, fit and beneficial.

Thus much to you, from our Heaven-enthroned Emperor, in the 54th year, 2d Month and 2d day of His Reign.

### Manifesto of the Grand Seignor.

The AUSTRIAN OBSERVER of the 7th September, contains the following important document:—

"To the illustrious Vizirs, the Honourable Mirimirans, the Estipnables Mollas, Judges, Sub-Judges, Mntesselin Wayvodes, and Ayans, to the other Magistrates and Nobles of the country, as well as to all other men in authority throughout all Anatolia, is addressed the following order:

"It is evident that all the rules and political dispositions, which from ancient times have been observed in my Sublime Empire, are founded upon the noble commandment of that pure law, whose solidity and duration are guaranteed by God, even until the day of the resurrection; it is therefore that it has never been permitted at any time, either to the Ministers of the Empire, nor to the functionaries of my Sublime Porte, nor to any individual professing the Mahometan religion, to act in contravention of their authority. It is in no wise less evident that all the Rayas (the subjects who are not Mahometans), who from time immemorial have under the dominion and the safeguard of my Sublime Empire, fulfilled the condition of their vassalages, have had their properties and lives respected, and have themselves been objects of the favor and protection of my Sublime Porte; but when they have transgressed the bounds of vassalage and the limits of obedience, recourse must be had to the punishment which has become necessary, and which is further confirmed by law.

"The Greek people have been at all times tributary subjects of my Sublime Porte; mercy and clemency have been exercised towards them in every particular; their honour, their properties, and their lives have been defended, protected, and secured; they have never experienced any other treatment than favour and every sort of kindness, even beyond that which had been promised in the treaties with the Rayas; nevertheless, they have had the audacity to trample under foot the divine mercies of which they have been the objects to pursue the paths of ingratitude, and with their characteristic perfidy to maintain aperverse and traitorous conduct, opposed at once to their allegiance and good faith.

"If in some places the Greeks have succeeded in rising against my Sublime Government, to which they are subjects, and which treats them with so much lenity, my great Empire continues (thanks be given to the Almighty!) to be the Empire of Mahomet, and my people the people of Ahmed. By the grace, and with the assistance of God, the defender of our faith and of our people, as well as by the blessings of the spiritual help of our Legislator and Sublime Prophet, my Sublime Porte has been informed of the insurrection at the very moment of its breaking out. It has therefore, without delay adopted proper measures, and caused at various times paternal exhortations and instructions to be addressed to the individuals of every rank of the said Greek nation, as well by the proper authorities appointed for that special purpose, as also through the Patriarch. It has exhorted them to continue in the way of fidelity and loyalty, and within the limits of submission and obedience; and it has also fully acquitted itself of all the duties of mercy and clemency: on the other hand it has inquired into the conduct of those who, taking a share in the revolt, have rejected every sentiment of repentance, and after a previous conviction it has inflicted upon them the necessary punishment.

But they have not appreciated the clemency and mercy which have been evinced towards them, and they have not listened to the counsels and exhortations which have been addressed to them.—Their pride and their revolt making on the contrary every day further progress, my Sub-

lime Porte considered only of the means of maintaining the order and security of the State, and of restoring the tranquillity of its inhabitants. Superior orders have in consequence been transmitted into my well-defended provinces, bearing the power, in virtue of a Sublime Fetwa which proceeds from the brilliant law, of punishing those Rayas in full revolt who dare to combat against the Islamites, of seizing their properties, and making their families captive.

My Sublime will being pronounced for the observance of the principle, that those subjects who conduct themselves in a peaceable and tranquil manner, occupying themselves with their own affairs only, or those who have once become guilty of sedition or revolt, shall have returned since into the paths of submission and of sincere repentance, shall be placed as before under the beneficent protection and shield of my Sublime Porte; and although I do not suffer any action opposed to this will manifested upon my part, I have learned in a positive manner, that in some places this principle has not been observed. Violence has been employed against peaceable and defenceless subjects who have taken no part in the revolt, and some persons have had the temerity to seize upon their properties, their families, and their Churches. It requires no further declaration to make it known that such a conduct is conformable neither to law nor to reason, that it is diametrically opposed to the principles uniformly pursued in my great empire, and that it is, in every particular, in contradiction, to the Divine will, as well as to my Imperial order. It is consequently manifest that such conduct is dictated only by men who are incapable of distinguishing circumstances and relations.

"Therefore if it is that I am now about to send my particular commands, with reference to this matter, to the three divisions of Anatolia and of Romelia.

"My will is then, that you Vizirs, Mirimirans, Mollas, Judges, Sub-Judges, and other Authorities, should make known this manner of viewing affairs in all places within your districts and jurisdictions, and that you should hasten to intimate to every person who may have the audacity to attack peaceable and innocent subjects, who manifest no seditions intentions, and carry about no signs of revolt, that he shall be responsible to me for his conduct in that respect. You must exert all your cares to relieve peaceable subjects from all vexation, and take all necessary measures that they may perfectly enjoy my high Imperial protection, and that they who may be guilty of such excesses shall be severely punished on the spot.

"Let all my subjects be immediately apprised of these commands, and when you shall be informed that it is my supreme will, that you shall take the utmost care not to suffer, in contravention of the Sublime law and of my commands, peaceable and innocent subjects to be exposed to injuries and vexations, public or private, and that the slightest negligence or omission with respect to this particular will expose yourselves to responsibility, you must act in conformity with it, you must execute my commands and my sublime will evince a knowledge in necessary matters and sedulously avoid permitting it in any instance to be violated.

"Given in the days of the middle of the month of Siskide, 1230; that is to say, in the middle of August, 1821.

### Greek Proclamation.

Macedonians! Greeks!—The standard of liberty waves over the summit of Olympus, over the summit of Pindus. Glorious monuments! the monumental columns, the tombs of heroes, have passed away; but our native mountains, those eternal trophies of our glory, still bid defiance to time. Macedonians, children of Alexandria, around these trophies will we assemble; beside them will we conquer or die; and those who fail in the glorious contest will add new lustre to the deeds of their ancestors; and that lustre will strike terror into the hearts of the barbarians! Macedonians, children of Alexander; sons of the conquerors of the world, grasp your swords; Shame on those who will longer submit to be governed by a horde of barbarians. Your mountains and your valleys are free, and the ensigns of tyranny only still wave on the fortresses. But in vain do the barbarians hide themselves behind the walls of Salonichi, of Jenizzar, of Cavalla, and call them as heretofore, the bulwarks; but these walls will fall before the swords of the Macedonians, and we will avenge the sufferings of our fathers, our wives, and our daughters, in the blood of the barbarians. Thrice have we already conquered! Philippopolis is in our possession. Our heroes in a few days conquered that city. Stagira is no more, the Greeks have destroyed the town of the philosopher. Why should it be an asylum for the barbarians? Many have fallen, more will yet fall! But our ranks increase daily, and will still further increase. To those who have sacrificed themselves on the altar of freedom the favour of Heaven will be extended, and their brothers will avenge the death. To arms, to freedom, Macedonians! Greeks of every country, the eyes of the world are turned upon us.

From the Camp on Mount

Olympus, July 29.

ODYSSEUS, Commander  
of the Macedonians

Wednesday, March 20, 1822.

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## Genuine Jacobinism.

SIR,

To the Editor of the Times.

As soon as the afflictive intelligence of the death of the Queen arrived here, a great number of very respectable persons partially closed their shops, as in expression of common decency, and attachment to the Royal Family in general, as well, perhaps, as from a feeling of partial affection for the deceased illustrious individual. Some, however, did not choose to do so. One of each of these parties accidentally meeting, something like the following conversation took place:—

Why have you not put up your shutters?

I have no particular respect for the higher classes of society.

Well, but the Queen was one of the Royal family, was she not?

Yes; but the Royal Family had no respect for her.

What, then, are our Princes become Jacobinical? Genuine Jacobinism I conceive to be hatred and contempt of royalty.

Oh, no; but they have issued a new standard, by which in future royalty as well as people in common life must be estimated.

Indeed! Why, what is that!

You must have heard of it. That no Prince or Princess, King or Queen, is worthy of any respect, unless their moral habits are strictly what they ought to be. So you see, in the case of the late Queen, the Court, and all the higher classes of the nation, not excepting even the Bishops and Clergy, have cast her out, and treated her with all possible indignity, and wished to teach the whole nation to do so; doubtless as "a great moral lesson" to the community.

Surely! Why very few Princes will pass this severe test, I thought, nevertheless, that some respect was due even to their rank and office: "Honour the King!" and by parity of reasoning, the Queen, is a precept of the New Testament—a precept, given absolutely without any qualification, because there is a fitness in paying a proper reverence to our civil governors.

Yes; but the new standard takes but little notice of the New Testament in this particular. The Court, you know, and all connected with it have inculcated and enforced the sentiment, even in contradiction to the express and unbiased wishes of the nation—that a King or Queen are unworthy even to be prayed for, if they are not possessed of a high degree of moral worth. In full conformity with this opinion, even when dead, the Queen was hurried out of the country as if the very soil were polluted by her remains continuing in it.

Indeed! Moral worth!

Yes; moral qualities! You know that no political crime was ever even intimated against our late unfortunate Queen.

Alas! the characters of all our Monarchs, if they are thus to be measured, will be found miserably deficient. With the exception of Alfred, Edward VI., and our late Sovereign, not one in the English history will bear the test; nor not even Charles I., designated the Martyr, whose exaction of ship-money must be pronounced even by his partial admirers to have been an instance of flagrant injustice and tyranny.

Well, it may be so, but I cannot help it—"tis the rule of the Court. You know that the Queen's name was struck out of the Liturgy, under pretence that her moral qualities were not what they ought to be; in fact, they pronounced her unworthy even to be prayed for.

I am not quite convinced that it was because they regarded her as destitute of proper moral qualities.

O, certainly; no others were avowed. You cannot suppose that the Court is made up of hypocrites. Surely they ought to be believed. It was an illustrious enforcement of his Majesty's proclamation against vice and immorality, and a proof of his sincerity that he meant what he intended, when he said, that he would have no person near him, nor give encouragement to any who were "not decidedly of virtuous and religious habits."

If this new standard be rigidly adhered to, some other names of course, must be expunged from the Liturgy.

Perhaps so.

Then all that are debauched, all fornicators, and adulterers, specially among Princes, must be excluded from any share in the supplications of the people.

Why this would be consistent, certainly.

Well, but would not this bear too hard on certain illustrious characters who might readily be named?

It might do so; but you know it is their own rule; it is the measure they have dealt to the Queen, why should they complain if it be applied to themselves?

Perhaps, in strict propriety, they ought not: yet they would not be willing to be dealt with as they have dealt with her.

I am agreed with you here in opinion. They would not. Where, then, is the honesty or propriety of estimating the character of another by a standard which they are altogether unwilling should be applied to themselves? I have no very high opinion of the integrity or morality of Princes: and yet, to tell you the truth, if any of them were to die, I should willingly close all my shutters.

Southampton, August 20.

Q. Q. Q.

## Newspaper Chat.

—Examiner.—

**FIDELITY.**—A private soldier of the 91st Regiment, about 15 years ago, finding himself mortally wounded, requested his comrade to convey his all, which consisted of a few pounds, and some clothing, to a person who had formerly been his comrade in the Argyllshire Militia, and to whom he considered himself under strong obligations of gratitude. The disinterested soldier, faithful to the instructions of his dying friend, only a few weeks ago, while his regiment was passing through Kilmarnock, had the good fortune to fall in with the object of his search, to whom he generously conveyed over every fraction of the bequest, and which his most urgent necessities had never once suffered him to encroach upon during the long period of 15 years.

The Roman bridge, which was discovered about three years ago in Hull, has been cleared and found to measure three miles in length, and twelve feet in breadth. It appears from an inscription found upon it, to have been laid by the 16th cohort of Germanicus.

The hostile opinions given by "competent judges" respecting the Edinburgh Stamp-office, reminds one of the conduct of the Crown Surveyor to George the First (Wm. Benson) who, wanting to make a job, we suppose, gave in a report to the Lords, that their House, and the Painted Chamber adjoining, were in immediate danger of falling. The Lords agreed that it should be taken down; but it being proposed that other builders should first inspect it, they found that it was in very good condition!—It was in favour of this Court Surveyor that the celebrated builder of St. Paul's (Sir Christopher Wren) was displaced from his employment.

In the Notes to the *Dunciad*, there is the following one at the name of *Page*:—"There was a Judge of this name, always ready to hang any man that came before him, of which he was suffered to give as hundred miserable examples, during a long life, even to his dotage."—Would it be very difficult to name the *Page* of the present day, by any one in the habit of attending certain trials in the City?

"Hard words, and hanging, if his Judge be *Page*."

**Beaumarchais.**—was the son of a watchmaker, but his taste in music, and various other accomplishments, made his company very acceptable even at the highest parties. The notice taken of him by the Sisters of Louis XV. made him a number of enemies. One day, in order to mortify him, a French Nobleman meeting him in the gallery of Versailles, thus accosted him:—"I meet you most *a propos*: my watch is out of order; do me the favour to look at it." Beaumarchais, thus reminded of his former condition, observed, that he had always a very clumsy hand. The Great Man insisting—he takes the watch and lets it drop; saying, "I told you what would be the consequence; but you would have it so!"—His *Marriage of Figaro*, in two years, brought 25,000*l.* to the theatre, and 4000*l.* for himself.

The town was lately much edified and amused with the laconic Correspondence between Mr. Elliston and a brother Manager. The style seems rather peculiar to ancient Conquerors and modern Players. Garrick perhaps set the latter the example. He employed a fellow named *Stone* as a kind of Theatrical Crimp, who had engaged a person to play the part of the *Bishop of Winchester* in *Henry VIII.* On the evening of the performance, *Stone* wrote to the Manager the following Note:—"SIR: The Bishop of Winchester is getting drunk at the *Bear*; and swears, d—n his eyes, if he will play to-night. I am your's, Wm. Stone."—To this Garrick immediately replied:—"STONE: The Bishop may go to the Devil—I do not know a greater rascal, except yourself.—D. G."—Had this Monarch of the Stage flourished in these latter days, he doubtless would have been more guarded in speaking of his "Cousin of Winchester"; for now, even a mock Bishop is treated with all the reverence due to the divine profession. It may perhaps be alleged, that the Representative of the "Father in God" was getting drunk; but what of that? Even if a real Bishop were now and then to get a little fuddled, is that any reason the reverend name should be flippantly bandied about in this way? O fie, Davy! Thou wert much to blame. Since the Reformation however, it is not to be denied that the Clergy in England have led better lives, in some respects than their predecessors: their vices are at least of a different order. This is chiefly owing to their being allowed to marry; which shews that Nature is never to be thwarted with impunity. Cardinal Wolsey, when in full favour at the religious Court of the first faithless "Defender of the Faith," kept several mistresses, by whom he had there or more children. Shakespear makes the "injured" Queen Catherine say of the Cardinal, "Of his own body he was ill,"—alluding doubtless to his profligate habits: to which, in fact, he had sacrificed one of his eyes. And it was their disgraceful loss that induced the poet Sheltton to designate him as *Polyphemus*, and thus dwell upon his disaster:—

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"This Naaman Syrus,  
 "So foul and so iron,  
 "So foul of melancholy,  
 "With a flap before his eye,  
 "Men wene that he is —,  
 "Or else his surgeon's they lie.  
 "For as far as they can spy,  
 "By the craft of surgery,  
 "It is manus Domini."

*From "Why go you not to Court?"*

It is quite delightful to see with what eagerness Lord Yarmouth, the Marquis of Headfort, and other such exalted and exemplary characters are flocking to Dublin to surround their gracious Sovereign in his well-chosen moment of relaxation and revelry. Thus it has ever been:

"Great Souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 "Demand alliance and in friendship born!"

A Correspondent complains,—in terms which we would rather decline publishing as dangerous,—of the present fashion in female full dress, which he thinks is at once unbecoming, unhealthy, and immoral. He concludes his unavailing satire with the following quotation from the renowned PETER PINDAR:—

Look at our grannums, good old souls,  
 With caps and pinners, well mobb's pollis;  
 With warming dickies, high stiff stays,  
 To guard the neck from grasp and gaze :  
 How diff'rent from our modern fair,  
 Whose ev'ry beauty takes the air!

Mr. Canning seems to have at last availed himself of the piece of advice given by the facetious *Thos. Brown the Younger*, in the 59th page of his *Fudge Family*, conveyed in the following note upon his name—

This Right Hon. Gentleman ought to give up his present alliance with Lord C——, if upon no other principle than that which is inculcated in the following arrangement between two Ladies of Fashion:—

"Says Clarinda, though tears it may cost,  
 "It is time we should part, my dear Sue;  
 "For your character's totally lost,  
 "And I have not sufficient for two."

COUNTRY DANCES—not so called because a provincial amusement, but from the French *Contredanse*, where a number of persons, placing themselves opposite one to another, begin a figure. Marshal Bossom-pierre, speaking in his Memoirs of his dancing country dances here in England in the time of Charles the First, writes it expressly "contre-dances."

The body of Sir Thos. Castilupe, according to his historian, possessed a virtue when dead which many living ones do not enjoy—for when his soul first left it, it emitted a heavenly fragrance that filled the whole room. So too, when Archbishop Warham inspected the grave of St. Dunstan, his remains, though buried 500 years, smelled, as the Bishop avers, most sweetly; and Bishops, of course, never trip in their pions tales.

Horace Walpole, writing from Italy to Mr. Conway, gives the following account of some relics exhibited "in a small hovel of Capuchins," at Radicofani, which were brought from Jerusalem by the King: "Among other things of great sanctity, there is a set of gnashing teeth, the grinders very entire, a bit of the worm that never dies, preserved in spirits; a crow of St. Peter's cock, very useful against Easter; the crisp and curling, frizzling and frowning of Mary Magdalene, which she cut off on growing devout. The good man that showed us all these commodities was got into such a train of calling them the blessed this, and the blessed that, that at the last he shewed us a bit of the blessed fig tree that Christ cursed."

PORTRAIT OF LADY MONTAGUE.—"Lady Mary Wortley is here (Florence.) She laughs at my Lady W., scolds my Lady Pomfret, and is laughed at by the whole town. Her dress, her avarice, and her impudence, must amaze any one that never heard her name. She wears a foul mob, that does not cover her greasy black locks, that hang loose, never combed or curled; an old magazine blue wrapper, that gapes open and discovers a canvas petticoat. Her face swelled violently on one side with the remains of a —, partly covered with a plaster, and partly with white paint, which for cheapness she has bought so coarse, that you would not use it to wash a chimney."—*Horace Walpole to the Hon. H. S. Conway.*

Bonaparte, from his infancy, to his arrival in St. Helena, enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health. His mind was of an active turn; but his body was of that cool temperament, that neither corporeal nor mental fatigue disturbed his general health. It has been said, that in consequence of the want of sleep, during an active campaign, he experienced an epileptic fit; but we have reason to believe that the report was not correct. His mode of living was extremely abstemious. His

breakfast and evening repast consisted of coffee and biscuit; and for dinner he made choice of the most simple dishes. When a roasted shoulder of mutton appeared on the table, which was frequently the case in consequence of his partiality to it being known, he generally made his dinner of it. Of wine he took very sparingly, and to spirits he had a great dislike. \* \* \* Napoleon, for three years after his captivity, continued to enjoy a pretty good state of health. About two years before his death, he complained of not being equal to his usual exercise, evidently in consequence of corpulence and the relaxing influence of the climate. In the short walk which he was in the habit of taking to his favourite spot, where his mortal remains are deposited, he often sat down; and when in this state he has frequently observed, "This climate will soon put an end to my worldly concerns, and set at liberty those poor fellows who are kept here to guard me." \* \* \* \* Dr. O'Meara boldly asserts that his dissolution was accelerated by the treatment which had been adopted. Was then the disease excited by any particular medicine, or any particular Italian practice? Of late years the Professors of Italy have been very liberal in administering vegetable and mineral poisons; and from time immemorial a remedy has been employed in that country, in desperate cases, to quiet the system. In producing the desired effect, it is slow but sure. It has been very successfully exhibited in those peculiar cases, which are transmitted not by parents to their offspring, but by one potentate to another. We have heard much of the Aqua toffana, the sacred water of succession, the levigated diamond, and of Italian songs,—*Gazette of Health.*

#### BYRON versus WORDSWORTH.

[Till we can find room for an ample Specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's powers, the present very appropriate extract must suffice; but we shall take an early opportunity of showing our readers, that thought the Author of the *Excursion* and the *Lyrical Ballads* is a backslider from liberty, a dependant of the borongh mongers, and a place man (O sad!) he is nevertheless a true son of the Muses, and takes a lofty place among the noble poets that have adorned this intellectual nation.—This tribute to TRUTH is the more necessary just now, as a Noble Poet, whose productions are so universally read and deservedly admired, is so blind to the extraordinary merits of Mr. Wordsworth, that in his last publication of *Don Juan* he thus speaks of one of the finest poems in the English language:—

"A clumsy frowzy poem called the *Excursion*,  
 Writ in a manner that is my aversion."

It is from this so despised work that we make our quotation.]

#### THE COUNTRY FUNERAL.

— Of ten have I stopped  
 When on my way, I could not chuse but stop,  
 So much I felt the awfulness of Life,  
 In that one moment when the Corse is lifted.  
 In silence, with a hush of decency,  
 Then from the threshold moves with songs of peace,  
 And confidential yearnings, to its home,--  
 Its final home in earth. What traveller—who—  
 (How far so'er a Stranger) does not own  
 The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,  
 A mute Procession on the houseless road,  
 Or passing by some single tenement  
 Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise,  
 The monitory voice? But most of all  
 It touches, it confirms, it elevates,  
 Then, when the body, soon to be consigned,  
 Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,  
 Is raised from the Church-aisle, and forward borne  
 Upon the shoulders of the next in love,  
 The nearest in affection or in blood;  
 Yea, by the very mourners who had knelt  
 Beside the coffin, resting on its lid  
 In silent grief their uplifted heads,  
 And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint  
 And that most awful Scripture, which declares,  
 We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!  
 —Have I not seen?—ye likewise may have seen,  
 Son, Husband, Brothers—Brothers side by side,  
 And Son and Father also side by side,  
 Rise from that posture;—and in concert move  
 On the green turf following the vested Priest  
 Four dear Supporters of one senseless Weight,  
 From which they do not shrink, and under which  
 They faint not, but advance towards the grave  
 Step after step—together—with their firm  
 Unhidden faces: he that suffers most,  
 He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,  
 The most serene, with most undaunted eye!  
 Oft bleat are they who live and die like these,  
 Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned!

[*Examiner.*

## ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—201—

### St. Patrick's Day.

We have often had occasion to experience how much more easy it is to *enjoy* a Festive Scene than to *describe* it; and the present instance adds another very striking illustration of that difference. In proportion, indeed, to the fulness of participation in the pleasure, is the inadequacy to convey the sense of it to others, more particularly when called on, as we are, after a brief repose, and with the images of the past dancing in a confused sort of waking dream, balancing between recollection and imagination, one flash of eloquence chasing away the impression of another, and leaving the mind little better than a blank as to any efficient retention of memory, or like a tablet on which so many and such various impressions have been made, that neither is any longer legible, and all is indistinctness and confusion.

This is precisely our state of feeling at the present moment, and we know not how the tracings could be restored, except by the aid of the individuals with whom they originated; and even they, most probably, from exactly the same cause that incapacitates us for the task, would be unable to give effectual assistance, without an exertion, which, feeling it as we do to be painful after the previous exhaustion of pleasure, we would not willingly tax their good nature so far as to solicit. The sober arguments of Counsel in Court, or the dry details of a Public Meeting of Business, may be retained and carried away by the hearer with sufficient accuracy to admit of their being committed to paper faithfully enough, while the whole is yet fresh, and before even sleep has intervened to obliterate a single feature. But in Convivial Parties like the present, it is not easy to drown Care in the bowl without drowning Recollection also; with this essential difference, that the first, if plunged even to the very bottom and drowned ever so effectually, either in Wine or Whiskey, will be sure to revive again in all his vigour, without the aid of the Society for restoring suspended animation; but the last, if once dipped only even beneath the surface, will often defy all the efforts of Nature and all the ingenuity of Art to recover. Our Report will therefore be necessarily brief and imperfect; but having assigned the best, because the truest, reasons, that we could urge in excuse, we throw ourselves on the indulgence of our readers, to whom we have never yet appealed in vain.

The Sons of St. Patrick, with their Visitors, the Sons of St. George and St. Andrew, began to assemble at the Town-Hall about seven o'clock; and at half past seven the doors of the lower apartment being thrown open, about 120 Gentlemen sat down to an excellent Dinner, which was in all respects worthy of the occasion, and one of the best that we have for some time seen under the superintendence of the same Purveyor.

On the removal of the cloth, when the business of the Evening may be said to have commenced, Mr. HOGG, who was in the Chair, rose to communicate to the Assembly the cause of their being deprived of the presence of their honoured and esteemed President, Sir FRANCIS MACNAGHTEN. We must at the outset express our extreme regret that we cannot convey to our readers an idea of the animation, energy, feeling, and highly-wrought eloquence with which Mr. Hogg at once moved the sympathies and delighted the ears and hearts of all who heard him, and which was the more admirable as it was the unstudied and unprepared expression of the feeling of the moment, called on as he was to preside over the Meeting with scarcely half an hour's previous intimation. He stated that he held in his hand a Letter from Sir FRANCIS MACNAGHTEN received since he had been in that Hall, communicating the unwelcome intelligence that his state of health (which had been for some days unfavorable) rendered it impossible to fill the Chair to which he had been called. He added, however, that inadequate as Sir Francis felt himself from this cause, to preside over a convivial party of his friends and fellow-countrymen, he would nevertheless have shewn his sense of the honor which had been conferred on him by meeting this call, and doing his best at all hazards. But higher and more important reasons than any which could spring from personal inconvenience imperiously de-

manded the exercise of discretion. A sense of public duty, which should be paramount to all others, forbade his hazarding for a moment the further increase of his indisposition, as in the present state of the Bench, the Administration of Justice rested solely in his hands; and it was only by the greatest care that he could support the arduous labours which it was his daily duty to sustain.

This communication, which did equal honor to the heart and the head, to the public and the private character of Sir Francis, was received, by all present, with regret for the cause and admiration of the motive that occasioned his absence.

In reverting to the business of the evening, in which, said Mr. Hogg, the warm heart of our worthy President is with us, though his person is not, he had a Toast to propose, which all would drink with that reverence which the subject was calculated to inspire:—it was one that brooked no delay and scorned all preface. Taking it for granted, therefore, that all present were fully charged, and both able and willing to do justice to the Parent of their Saint, he would give in few words,—

*"The Mother of St. Patrick"*

which was drank to the responsive Air of the Band.

*"Wherever she goes."*

The next Toast that it became his duty to propose, was one that would rouse all their national feelings into exercise. Among the noblest and most exalted virtues of the human character he reckoned the love of country. It had been the parent of the proudest and most heroic deeds that the page of History contained; and at this remote distance, the Land of our Sires seemed to have a double claim on our affections. He was aware that there were some Philosophers who talked of a philanthropy which could embrace the whole family of mankind. For himself, however, he was free to confess, that his heart was not so capacious. To him it appeared that not only love of country, but attachment to the very spot that gave us birth, was a virtue that deserved our constant admiration. Our affections first began to develop themselves in the circle of our families, and their expansion towards our countrymen was the utmost perfection to which they could reach. Away then, said he, with the cold and heartless indifference of the citizen of the world, and let us cherish the purer and the nobler feelings of genuine patriotism. He should give, therefore, in a flowing bumper

*"The Pious Memory of St. Patrick."*

which was drank with three hearty cheers, while the Band played  
*"St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."*

When he next rose, it was to propose a Toast, in which he was persuaded all present would warmly join. It was a subject of just pride to Irishmen, that the present Monarch of our country had been the first to set his foot on Ireland in the spirit of conciliation and peace. That he should be received on the shores of that Island with enthusiasm and hospitality could surprise no one who knew the Irish character. For himself, he was one of those who anticipated the greatest blessings and advantages to result from the Monarch's Visit; and he again repeated that Irishmen had just reason to be proud of the distinction. It was under the reign of George the IVth, first as Regent, and subsequently as King, that Great Britain had attained an eminence unexampled in all former ages; that their illustrious countryman, the Duke of Wellington, had led the British Armies to conquest and renown, and covered himself with laurels and his country with glory: every consideration induced him therefore, as an Irishman, to be proud of the honour and the happiness he now had to propose in full bumpers,

*"THE KING"*

which was drank with continued cheers and followed by the National Air of

*"God Save the King."*

As he proceeded, his calls on the ardour of his countrymen and friends were only more and more urgent: for he had next to

introduce to them a name, which would fill all his hearers with enthusiasm. It was unnecessary for him to eulogize the high character or to attempt to praise the measures of the Marquis of Hastings, the Governor General of India. They were too well known to require him to say a word on the one or the other; illustrious alike from the achievements of the Soldier and the wisdom of the Statesman; graced by the benevolence of the Philanthropist and the learning of the Scholar; and it was impossible to be acquainted with these, without venerating the Ruler, and loving the Man. He should therefore give, and he knew the hearts of all present would cordially join him, in drinking

*"The Marquis of Hastings, Governor General"*

which was followed with loud and long continued plaudits, and succeeded by the feeling and pathetic Air of

*"Erin go Bragh"*

CAPTAIN MACAN, one of His Lordship's Staff, after a short pause, rose to address the President and Assembly, which he did in the most feeling and happy manner.

In rising to return thanks in the name of Lord Hastings for the honor which had been done him, he said he could not but regret that the grateful task had not been undertaken by some Member of his Lordship's Family better qualified to fulfil it. When he considered the sentiments by which the Toast has been prefaced, and the enthusiasm with which His Lordship's name has been hailed by this company, he knew what proud gratification such testimony of their attachment and regard would afford our Illustrious Governor. He knew what His Lordship's feelings would be; but to do justice to them would require his own glowing and energetic language. He would then remind them (if indeed they could have forgotten) that His Lordship had himself expressed, and that not long since, in this very Hall, how deeply he feels, how highly he values, and how sincerely he reciprocates these sentiments of their regard. Amidst the crowd of glorious and pleasing recollections, which must arise from a retrospect of his life (so justly characterized by the eloquent President, as illustrious in the achievements of the Soldier, and the wisdom of the Statesman; and graced by the benevolence of the Philanthropist and the learning of the Scholar), even amidst so many subjects of glorious recollection, His Lordship had himself assured them that Memory would dwell with proud delight on the attachment and regard of his Indian Friends.

A Gentleman, at the request of the President, sang in excellent style that beautifully pathetic Song, "The Exile of Erin" which was listened to with evident pleasure, and followed by loud and general applause.

Mr. Hogg said he should now venture to deviate from the order of the Printed List of Toasts, and he was quite sure, not only that he should receive the pardon of the company, but that he should deserve their thanks. He had witnessed with no ordinary feelings of delight the warmth and enthusiasm with which the name of their worthy President—whose chair he was so inadequate to fill—had been received by all present, when they regretted his absence, but admired the sense of public duty which had occasioned it:—and he was therefore persuaded that in proposing the health of Sir Francis Macnaghten he should be joined by all present in pouring out a full bumper to do him honour. He counted it among the highest advantages he possessed, to enjoy his friendship; and those who knew him as he did would know that the enthusiastic admiration which he desired to express of his virtues and character, was fully and richly deserved. Had he been here to night, he would have done that justice to this National Festivity which he had so often done before; but however he (Mr. Hogg) might fall short of his duty, he felt so strong a desire to support the national character of an Irishman, that he would imitate them even in their failings; and this was not the only Toast he should give beyond the order of the List, as he hoped to be surrounded by many who would see the day open on their yet unstayed libations. He would give now therefore with a full heart and flowing cup

*"Sir Francis Macnaghten;"*

which was drank with general acclamations, and succeeded by one of Moore's Irish Melodies from the Band.

MR. E. MACNAGTEN rose to return thanks. We regret that from the distance at which we sat from this Gentleman, we were unable to gather more than the general tenor and concluding words of his brief Address:—which were, that a sense of duty induced him, unqualified as he felt himself for the task, to assure the President and Gentleman present how warmly he felt, and how deeply he was sure his Father would feel the honor thus spontaneously conferred on him. In his name, he thanked them cordially for this proof of their respect and esteem;—and for himself, he could safely say with Faulconbridge

*"Now, by this light, were I to get again  
I would not wish a better Father"—*

This was followed by the applause which such a happily expressed tribute of gratitude and filial affection so fully deserved.

A Gentleman of the party sang, at the President's request, the humorous Song of "The Wedding at Ballypoore" which created much merriment, and served to keep alive the good humour that so happily prevailed.

The next Toast introduced was prefaced by some very happy and well-merited remarks on the high character of the British Navy, distinguished above that of all other countries for their valour in War, and as renowned for the skill and science which directed their useful labours in Peace. The thunder of the British Navy had caused our flag to be respected in every quarter of the globe. It had humbled our foes in battle; it had chased from the seas the robbers that infested them in more tranquil times, and it had succeeded in putting down the odious traffic in human flesh. It had facilitated the spread of commerce and civilization to unknown lands, and it had of late acquired fresh glories in the arduous and successful endeavours in which a portion of it had been engaged to extend the boundaries of our geographical, physical, and scientific knowledge. He would give therefore

*"The Duke of Clarence and the Navy,"*

which was drank with much applause and followed by the Naval Air of

*"Rule Britannia."*

The British Army were next to have due honor done them, and the President was equally happy in his sentiments, and eloquent in their delivery; but our memory had already become so charged with what had passed, that we were perpetually embarrassed between the endeavour not to lose what had been said, and if possible to add to the store that which was still saying. The measure of our retentive faculties seemed however to be nearly filled; and we felt that confusion and indistinctness were making their gradual approaches. We remember, however, that a high and deserved eulogium was passed on the Duke of York, as the Soldier's Friend, and as such respected and beloved by the Army in general; while a due meed of praise was bestowed on those gallant Troops by whose achievements the British name had been so much raised in the estimation of all the Military nations of Europe.

*"The Duke of York and the Army"*

was then drank with plaudits, the Band playing

*"The Duke of York's March."*

Next in order came The Duke of Wellington, who, as the unconquered Captain that had so often led his countrymen to victory, stood pre-eminently distinguished by his Sovereign and his Country, and of whom, as an Irishman, they had just reason to be proud. It was not for him (the President) to dwell on the details of his military career, nor to dilate on a subject understood, and felt, and admired by all present.

*"The Duke of Wellington"*

was drank with loud cheers, the Band playing the Air,

*"See the Conquering Hero comes."*

marching round the table, preceded by a Silk Banner, on which were inscribed the words

ASSAYE.  
PORTUGAL.  
SPAIN.  
FRANCE.  
WATERLOO.

In wreaths of laurel and shamrock.

The Civil Service of Bengal was next toasted; and a merited compliment was paid to its integrity as a body, and the high character of its members also in their individual capacity. It had been often asserted that our Empire in the East was an "Empire of Opinion" and he believed it to be strictly so. It was founded on that firm reliance which the Natives had on the superior intelligence, the impartial judgements, and the incorruptible integrity of Englishmen. Indeed without the union of these virtues on the part of the Rulers, and this confidence on the part of the People, it was impossible that such a Government could be carried on. When he regarded the extent of the country, the number of its population, and the value of the property at stake, his wonder was excited; but when he considered the talents, integrity, and zeal of the members of the Bengal Civil Service generally, that wonder ceased.

"*The Civil Service of Bengal*" was drank with applause, and followed by the Air of "*Morgan Rattler*"

Mr. W. MACNAUGHTEN, after a considerable pause, rose to return thanks. He had waited, he said, with some impatience, in the natural expectation that while there were so many present who were his superiors in the Service, both as to salary and standing, some one among them would have been found to acknowledge the honour done to them. Seeing however that no one else was disposed to perform this duty, he rose to do so, however imperfectly, himself. Irishmen, he said, were men of few words; and he was no Orator, as BRUTUS was. He would say, however, that he was proud of belonging to such a Service, and that he was sure the members of it, wherever they might be scattered, whether here or in the Mofussil, would feel deeply the honour that had been done them this night. The distance at which we sat from this Gentleman, prevented our gathering more. His Address was delivered with much spirit, humour, and a certain air of frankness and sincerity, highly characteristic of the Speaker, and calculated to win, as it did, the attention, and rouse the good humour of the party to a still higher pitch than before. He concluded by remarking that this was his first attempt at a public returning of thanks; but that inadequate as he felt himself to do the subject justice, he considered it his duty to rise, as no one else appeared willing to do so. He sat down amid loud applause.

Some Songs were sung by different Gentlemen at the table, before the next Toast was introduced, which was

"*The Bengal Army*."

It was prefaced with the full eulogy with which its mention is always sure to be accompanied, and drank with the warm enthusiasm which it is always sure to excite. The Band marched round the table, playing the Grenadier's March, and preceded by a Banner, with the words.

PLASSEY.  
SERINGAPATAM.  
EGYPT.  
LASWAREE.  
DEIG.  
JAVA.  
MALAWN.  
NAGPORE.

Encircled in a wreath of laurel, surmounted with the view of a Fort Storming by Sepoys.

The cheering continued during the whole of the time the Band were playing; and upon the whole this seemed the most animated portion of the evening.

COLONEL CASEMENT, the Vice President, rose to return thanks for the honor done to the Bengal Army, to which he was proud of belonging. The gallant Officer sitting, however, at the very extremity of the table, and at the most remote part from where we sat, we had not the good fortune to hear distinctly what fell from him. He was evidently, however, animated with his subject, and delivered himself with an appearance of great zeal and warmth.

Mr. HOLT MACKENZIE rose to propose a Toast. He had witnessed with sincere satisfaction, the feeling with which the Bengal Civil Service had been drank. It would not become him to panegyrize that Service more than to say that he felt proud of being one of its members, and that as such he felt grateful for the honor conferred on that Service by the eloquent President who had so highly eulogised it. He would say that a greater compliment could not possibly have been paid to it:—and it ought to be the highest ambition of all who belonged to it to merit so exalted a character. In return, he would beg to propose the health of Mr. Hogg, and he would add that the Bengal Civil Service, whom he had mentioned in such flattering terms, would do well to turn their attention to the study of that learned profession of which he (Mr. Hogg) was a member. In the due Administration of Justice in this country, the noble principles of British Law could not be too well understood or too closely followed; and substantial justice was all, he was persuaded, that the Rulers of the country or the members of their Service sought to obtain.

"*The Health of Mr. Hogg*"

was drank with hearty and continued cheers, and followed by Moore's beautiful Melody,

"*The Meeting of the Waters*."

Mr. HOGG rose to return thanks—Great and unexpected as was the honor done him by placing him in that Chair, the present compliment was greater and more unexpected still. He could not find language to convey what he felt on the subject, and he would not therefore attempt to give imperfect expression to what he felt so deeply.

The Party were again gratified by several Songs from different quarters of the table, sung with good humour, and effect, and adding much to the pleasures of the evening.

The next Toast was one that gave the President some embarrassment. He was called on to drink "The Ladies of the Settlement," and he knew not what to say. In his distress he had consulted those around him, but he could obtain no aid. He rose, however, to do his best. Of Woman in the abstract he knew nothing; but of Woman in particular, we must all know something. There was no one standard of perfection: some preferred black eyes, others valued blue; some chose brunettes, and others fair complexions; in short every variety of taste prevailed. He would not therefore drink Woman in the abstract, nor would he drink Woman in particular; but he would request each person present to conjure up to his recollection the image of her he loved, and in secret devotion he might address his vows to her, while we all drank,

"*The Ladies of the Settlement*."

It was received with rapturous applause, and drank apparently with heart and soul as well as voice, the Band playing the Air of

"*Kate Kearney*."

Songs now filled each interval between the Toasts, the next of which was the health of the Guests present. Our memory does not assist us to any portion even of what fell from the President on this occasion, beyond the general recollection of the glowing welcome, worthy of Irishmen to give, and Englishmen and Scotsmen to receive.

"*The Friends from the Thames and the Tweed who have this night honoured us with their company*"

was drank by their Entertainers from the banks of the Shannon with cordial hospitality, to the inviting Air of

*"One Bottle more?"*

Mr. LUSHINGTON rose to return thanks, as one of the Friends from the Thames. As one of the Guests who had this-night participated in the hospitality of the party, he rose to assure the company of his gratitude. He had some reason, he said, to be proud of joining them on this occasion, because, for about four months of his life he was actually considered an Irishman. That period was now forcibly brought to his recollection by the events of this evening. It was now about 20 years ago, that he had come out to India, on board an INDIAMAN; his fellow passengers being mostly Irishmen, were desirous of considering him as one also. But he was very unfortunate in his name. There was something in the name of "Lushington" that was painful to them, and grated on their ears. They therefore softened it down to the mellifluous appellation (as we understood the Speaker to say) of LUCIUS O'TOONE. Those were happy days of which he should never cease to think but with pleasure.

After a suggestion from the President, that the distant Officers and Guests of the party should close up towards himself, as several had retired,

COLONEL CASEMENT begged to propose a Toast, which ought indeed to have been included in the General List; but the delicacy of one of the Stewards, (Mr. Roberts we understood) who had lately quitted the Army and become a Member of that respectable Body had prevented it: He meant the Merchants of Calcutta, who were as distinguished for their munificence and liberality as for their integrity and high character.

*"The Merchants of Calcutta"*

were then drank with the usual applause.

After some Songs had been sung, Mr. GRANT rose, to say that thanks having been returned by a Friend from the Thames, he felt it his duty to say a word on behalf of the Guests from the Tweed. He interspersed his remarks with touches of humour which we fear to trust ourselves to give imperfectly, tho' they delighted us much at the time. He ended by observing that as the Merchants of Calcutta had been drank, he would propose a much more numerous body, who were perhaps rather more closely connected with them than either might wish—he meant

*"The Debtors of Calcutta."*

This was drank by all standing; so that there appeared to be none willing to receive the compliment, nor any prepared to return thanks for an honour which no one would be very ambitious to attain.

The last regular Toast was

*"The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock,"*

which, like all the preceding, was prefaced with appropriate observations, and drank with great glee, the Air that followed it, being

*"The Garland of Love."*

After this—various other Toasts were pledged and drank. Among others—The President gave

*"The Health of Mr. Courtenay Smith."*

as the member of a Family which seemed to inherit talents as a birth-right, and integrity as an hereditary portion.

A GENTLEMAN, whose name we did not know, proposed

*"The Health of Mr. Lushington"*

soon after he left the room.

Mr. BLANEY proposed shortly after

*"The Memory of General Gillespie."*

Various National and other Songs were sung by Mr. B. Ferguson, Mr. J. Hunter, Mr. Dowling, Mr. Roberts, Captain Snow, Captain Campbell, Mr. Patrick, and others; but even at the hour when we quitted the Festive Scene, which was past 3, the eloquent, animated, and patriotic President was still in the Chair, and surrounded by cordial and zealous co-operators, who appeared determined to do honour to the Saint and the happy occasion that had called them together.

We hardly ever remember to have seen a more truly happy party:—nor could any one ever desire a more convincing proof of the tendency of such National Festivals to unite and harmonize the most discordant materials, and make men who differ as widely as the antipodes in public opinions and political creeds, associate and exchange civilities in private life, than this party afforded:—for here, within the small circle that sat immediately around the President, and enjoyed the pleasure of his conversation as well as the full benefit of his eloquence, were to be seen—Four of the Secretaries to Government, English, Irish, and Scotch; the new Editor of JOHN BULL; the new Editor of the INDIA GAZETTE; the old Editor of the JOURNAL; with his learned and able Counsel at the Bar; English, Irish, and Scotch, also; all apparently enjoying with full and expanded hearts the “feast of reason and the flow of soul” here prepared; and none apparently the less happy, or the less ardent in the expression of that happiness, because of the presence of another:—but ready, as all True Britons should be, to make common cause whenever national union required it; and in all cases, where sacrifice of principle was not involved, to maintain that clear distinction between private and public differences, which characterizes the intercourse of public men at home; and which ought to distinguish the frank and independent, but at the same time just and honorable character of Britons, whether from the Shannon, the Tweed, or the Thames, abroad.

### Soldiers in Brutus.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

I went on Saturday last to witness the play of “Brutus” and was delighted with the rich and dignified performance of the character of Brutus by the able Amateur who supported it.

But, Mr. Editor, I think it was not a little out of order to see some of the Roman Soldiers dressed in modern pantaloons, some in boots, anishoes, and others ingaiters. This might easily be remedied, I should conceive; for it must be acknowledged as being very ridiculous.

Your inserting this in a corner of your Journal, or giving a hint to the same effect will oblige.

Sir, Your obedient Servant,

March 19, 1822.

SQUIB.

### Shipping Departures.

#### CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Mar. 18	La Zelie Eugenie	French	F. Legalaiz	Bourbon
18	Acasta	Amrcn.	T. Cloutman	Salem

### Nautical Notices.

Madras, March 6, 1822.—We have at last the pleasure of announcing the arrival of the long-expected Ship HENRY PORCHER, Captain Conyngham. She anchored in the roads yesterday evening, having left London on the 9th, and Madeira the 22d of October, and the Cape the 23d of December.

The following is a list of her Passengers:—For Madras.—Mrs. Newbold, Mrs. Ormsby, Miss Elizabeth Chimney, Miss L. Maidman, John Digby Newbold, Esq. H. C. C. Service, Mr. Babington, Writer, Mr. William Lewis, Writer, Mr. Assistant Surgeon William Pavin, Messrs. James Blair Preston, A. E. Byam, Richard Lambert, John Mann, and Robt. Grant Carmichael, Cadets; John Elmore, Esq. returning to India.

For Bengal.—Mrs. Steer, Mrs. Speed, Miss Mary Laing, Miss F. Wilkinson, Miss A. E. Watson, Mr. J. Forrest, Assistant Surgeon, Mr. Robert Graham, do. Mr. E. Madder, and Mr. H. M. Pippen, Cadets of Artillery; Mr. J. A. Fairhead, and Mr. F. Moore, Cadets of Infantry; Mr. J. Gordon and Mr. James Harrison.—Master F. Steer.

From the Cape.—Henry Colebrooke, Esq. Captain J. Fairfax, H. E. I. C. Service, and Mr. Alexander Elmore.—Gazette.

### Birth.

At Bhopalpore, on the 27th ultimo, the Lady of Lieutenant HENRY FORSTER, of the Rohilla Cavalry, of a Son.